



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

They Always Use Phoney Monickers When Arrested

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Pleasant Voice Aids Beauty, Says Miss Ferguson

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

"It is every woman's duty to help make her world as beautiful as she can," mused Miss Ferguson, looking over her green and white drawing room where she has put her ideas into practice.

"Most women think that they have accomplished that end when they have spent a large part of each day in beautifying themselves.

"That is a beginning, of course," laughed the young star, "but they forget that beauty is not merely a question of clothes and that the most exquisite creation can't make up for the lack of other charms, a beautiful voice, for instance.

"I should make it almost a criminal offense for a woman to have a hideous speaking voice. There is absolutely no excuse for it, because any voice can be made reasonably pleasant and agreeable unless there is an absolute physical defect in the formation of the throat.

"I think that I was most fortunate in getting Miss Jeanne Faurie to help me with my speaking voice and when I decided to sing the part of Eva in the coming production, it was she who vouched for my vocal ability and developed it.

"Few women seem to pay any attention to their daughters' speaking voices and certainly the younger generation enunciates so badly and uses such a meager variety of words that the young girls and boys who have had good educations find it simpler to talk in the expressive slang of the day and pay very little attention to English as it should be spoken.

"Children should be taught to speak carefully and to pronounce every word distinctly. There should be breath enough behind the voice to support it and make it carry without straining the vocal chords and there should be the constant reminder at home that it is worth while having a pleasant voice even if one never expects to sing.

"Girls reiterate the same adjectives, time after time because they have no choice of words. For instance, 'Isn't it lovely?' a pet phrase used with equal enthusiasm about a baby, a new hat, a box of candy, a magnificent view or a beefsteak.

"How can one increase one's vocabulary? Why, by reading, of course, and by committing such pieces of verse or prose to memory as appeal especially to the imagination and are particularly fine examples of the English language.

"The quality of the voice is cultivated by listening and paying attention to one's own tone and learning to discriminate between beautiful and ugly sounds. Few people take the trouble to speak in a pleasing voice. Voice culture is one of the much neglected parts of the average girl's education. No woman can be really charming who has not an agreeable speaking voice."



MISS ELSIE FERGUSON, A KLAW & ERLANGER STAR, WHO BELIEVES IN WOMEN CULTIVATING ALL THEIR CHARMS.

Difference in Viewpoint

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

This is the story of a girl named Ruth. It is a matter of great regret that it is also the story of girls named Mary and Sue and Ann and Jane. It is the story of every girl whose parents have let their hearts grow old.

The Ruth of this story lives a long way out on Long Island. Where she lives is not really a matter of importance, since geographical boundaries are not concerned.

The matter which concerns us, and which makes the story of Ruth the story of Mary and Sue and Ann and Jane, is that her parents have forgotten their youth.

They cannot bring themselves to look

upon life from her viewpoint! This is her story:

She works in town; she goes at night to a home where there are no young folks. Every girl friend she has lives a long distance away and she can see them only occasionally. When they are with her they talk of the good times they have with other young folks.

Ruth knows only the evening after evening spent alone with her parents.

"They do everything they can," she writes, "to make home pleasant for me, but I am young, and naturally long for the society of young people. In the evening when other young people meet and laugh and talk and dance and sing, I, because of living so far away from my friends, sit and brood over my loneliness.

I try to read, but I am too young to be tied to a book for my sole employment. I try to be interested in what mother has done all day, and how things have gone with father, but these do not suffice. I want someone of my own age!

I am tired of living in the past with my parents as much as I love them! I want a little happiness, a little joy, of my own. It isn't fair! It isn't fair!"

Ruth is right. It isn't fair. Her mother is alone all day, but she is happy knowing her daughter will be home at night.

Her father works all day with a happy heart, looking forward to the companionship of his wife and daughter in the evening.

They are good parents. But they are intensely selfish. In selecting that home, so far from human companionship, they considered many things. They thought they considered their daughter's happiness. But if they did, it was from their own sedate middle aged viewpoint.

The father and mother would be bored if compelled to spend their evenings listening to the prattle of a lot of young folks. Yet they make their home under conditions where their daughter will see

only those twice her age, and wonder, and are depressed, at her discontent.

It is the cry of the young for its kind. If a girl has parents, and brothers and sisters, there are times when her heart feels a loneliness that she can neither express nor define. Out of this dissatisfaction longing is born discontent. She is unhappy, and her parents feel the sting of ingratitude because she complains.

"You have a nice home," they say. "Here are books, magazines, a piano. What more do you want?"

And that question tells the condition of the hearts of the parents. They have grown old. If they kept their hearts young and looked at life from a less selfish viewpoint they would know.

I am sorry for Ruth. Also for Mary and Sue and Ann and Jane. So sorry I wish I could call all the parents together and urge them to see that their daughters have companions of their own age.

I would beg them to recall the long lines of their own youth.

I would beg them to give every daughter a chance to make friends of other girls; an opportunity to meet young men; that, if it is so wished, she may have her chance to love and to marry.

Explanation Demanded.

An Irishman just landed got work on the New York Central as flagman at Tarrytown. His first day on the job he waved the red danger signal before the Empire State express. The brakes

screamed down, the train stopped and the crew ran up. "What's the matter? Why did you stop this train?" the conductor demanded.

"Well," began the flagman. "Don't you know it's a state prison offense to stop a train without cause?" the conductor explained. "Why, we're twenty minutes late now."

"That's just it," was the answer. "Where have you been the last twenty minutes?"—Newark Star.

Daffydills

THE HOUSE WAS JAMMED. IT WAS A FIRST NIGHT SHOW AND THE MANAGERS HAD PROMISED SOMETHING NOVEL IN THIS NEW PLAY. IT WAS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE THIRD ACT, AND ALREADY SIX PEOPLE HAD BEEN KILLED, WITH ONLY THREE SHOTS FIRED. THE HEROINE WAS JUST YELLING, "SAVE MEH," WHEN THE HERO RUSHED ON THE STAGE, AND YELLED— "IF A MAN STRIKES HIS WIFE, SHOULD HE QUIT AND FEATHERS?"

WELL, WELL, WELL, IF THERE HE AIN'T!

THE EXCITEMENT WAS INTENSE EVERY NECK WAS CRANED, EVERY EAR STRAINED, TO CATCH THE FOG-HORN VOICE OF THE UMPIRE. SLOWLY HE LIFTED THE MEGAPHONE TO HIS LIPS, AND STRIKING A NAPOLEONIC POSE, HE BELLOWED— "IF A WOMAN ATHLETE CHALLENGED AMARATHON RUNNER TO A RACE, WOULD ERASER?"

PROFESSOR DIPPY NUT WILL NOW REND-ER HIS MAGNIFICENT COMPOSITION,—"DISCORD - IN A FLAT."

THE OPERATOR WAS HITTING OFF THE FILM AT THE RATE OF 100 PICTURES PER SECOND. THE POSSE WAS JUST RICKING MADLY ACROSS THE PRAIRIES OF NEW JERSEY, GIVING CHASE TO THE BAD MAN, WHO HAD JUST KILLED HIS MEXICAN RIVAL. SUDDENLY THE PICS STOPPED, AND ON THE SCREEN WAS FLASHED THE LEGEND "IF THE HAIR DRESSERS UNION PARADED, WOULD THE BALDHEAD IT?"

WELL, I WON'T; DO ME SOMETHIN'!

GEE! IF I DON'T CATCH MY CAR, I'LL BE TRANSFERRED.

WHITHERAWAY! FARE STRANGER!

TELL ME WHO YOU ARE, AND STEP LUVELY!

YOU KNOW ME NOT, GOOK?

NO, AND DON'T PUT ME OFF ANY LONGER.



Has the Dog Had His Day?

Selected By EDWIN MARKHAM.

Now that the mad dog is abroad in the land and there is a growing indignation against the unmuzzled beast, the following from Mr. Ambrose Pierce's volume, "The Shadow on the Dial," will have a keen interest for all who are concerned for life and limb:

"Of all anachronisms and survivals, the love of the dog is the most reasonable. Because, some thousands of years ago, when we wore other skins than our own and sat enthroned upon our haunches, tearing tangles of tendons from raw bones with our teeth, the dog ministered purveywise to our savage needs, we go on cherishing him to this day, when his only function is to lie sun-soaked on a door mat and insult us as we pass in and out, enamored of his fat superfluity. One dog in a thousand earns his bread—and takes beefsteak.

"No man loves the dog. He loves his own dog or dogs, and there he stops; the force of his perverted affection can no further go. He loves his own dog partly because the thrifty creature tickles his vanity by fawning upon him as the victim of a source of steaks and bones; and partly because the graceless beast insults everybody else, harming as many as he dares.

"The dog is an encumbrance of flesh, and a reservoir of sinful smells. He is prone to bad manners as the spark fly upward. He has no discrimination; his loyalty is given to the person that feeds him, be the same a blackguard or a murderer's mother. He fights for his master without regard to the justice of the quarrel—wherein he is no better than a patriot or a paid soldier.

"There are men that are proud of a dog's love—and dogs love that kind of men. There are men who, having the privilege of loving women, insult them by loving dogs, and there are women who forgive and respect their canine rivals.

"Women, I am told, are true cynics; they adore not only dogs, but dog—not only their own horrible little beasts, but those of others. But women will love anything; they love men who love dogs.

"Every year in Europe and the United States alone more than 5,000 human beings die of hydrophobia. The names of this needless death roll are mostly those of children, the kind of whose parents in cherishing their own hereditary love of dogs is visited upon their children because they have not the intelligence and agility to get out of the way.

"Amongst the several disadvantages of a close personal connection with the canine tooth, the disorder known as hydrophobia has long held an undisputed primacy. The existence of this ailment is attested by so many witnesses, many of whom, belonging to the profession of medicine speak with a certain authority, that even the breeders and lovers of snap-dogs are compelled reluctantly to concede it, though, as a rule, they stoutly deny that it is imparted by the dog.

"In their view, hydrophobia is a theory, not a condition. The patient imagines himself to have it, and upon that unsupported assumption or hypothesis, suf-

fers and dies in the attempt to square his conduct with his opinions.

"Mr. Nicholas Smith, while United States consul at Legue, wrote, or caused to be written, an official report, wickedly, wilfully and maliciously designed to abridge the privileges, augment the ills and impair the honorable status of the domestic dog."

"Mr. Smith's estimate of the number of dogs in this country at 5,000,000 is a 'conservative' one, it must be confessed, and can hardly have been based on observations by moonlight in a suburban village. His estimate of the effective strength of the average dog at 500 pounds is probably about right, as will be attested by any intelligent boy who in campaigns against orchards has experienced detention by the Cerberus of the places.

"Taking his own figures, Mr. Smith calculates that we have in this country 2,500,000,000 pounds of 'idle dog power.'

But this statement is more ingenious than ingenious; it gives, as doubtless it was intended to give, the impression that we have only idle dogs, whereas of all mundane forces the domestic dog is most easily stirred to action. His expense of energy in pursuit of the harmless, necessary flea, for example, is prodigious; and he is not infrequently seen in chase of his own tail with an activity scarcely inferior."

Terse and Euphonious. It is greatly feared that the Bulgarian commander neglected to immortalize himself by writing to royal headquarters the shortest official dispatch in history. He had the chance and didn't use it. Such is life and its slighted opportunities.

Only think of the fame that would have swooped down upon this military person if he had announced his latest capture in this fashion: "Took Buk."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Wash your dishes with GOLD DUST

Put a dash of Gold Dust into the water, and it will go to the bottom of things, drive out every bit of dirt, every germ, every hidden particle. Gold Dust cleanses as well as cleans.

We promise you this, if you use Gold Dust: Your dishes will be sweeter and cleaner than ever before, and you will save at least half the time ordinarily consumed in washing them.

Gold Dust does better work than soap or any other dish-washing product—and saves half the time.

"Inside Information"



"Let the GOLD DUST TWINS do your work!"

HIGH-O-ME

That's the Proper Way to Pronounce Booth's HYOMEL, the Famous Catarrh Remedy Made from Australian Eucalyptus and Other Antiseptics—Just Breathe it.

It Banishes Catarrh

When you can go to any drug store in any civilized community on earth and secure for only \$1.00 a remedy that will quickly rid you of hawking, spitting and snuffing; why do you allow the devilish germ of catarrh to undermine your health and destroy your efficiency?

Quit sprays and douches. Liquid cannot penetrate into the nooks, folds and crevices of the irregular mucous membrane. Neither can it get into the bronchial tubes that lead to the lungs and where germs thrive and multiply.

If you believe that liquids reach the air tubes, try to swallow a little water the "wrong way." Such a test will effectually demonstrate to you that the theory that sprays and douches can cure catarrh.

HYOMEL is a pleasant antiseptic air which, when breathed, penetrates into the folds and crevices of the sore germinated membrane and also goes deep into the air cells of the lungs, killing all germs.

A HYOMEL outfit costs \$1.00. Extra bottle of HYOMEL, if needed, 50c. For catarrh, coughs, colds and croup Booth's Hyomel is guaranteed—Advertisement.